

THE OMEN



IS WATCHING YOU

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for the fourth issue in the 28th Volume of the Omen on March the 26th in 2007, the year of our Lord.



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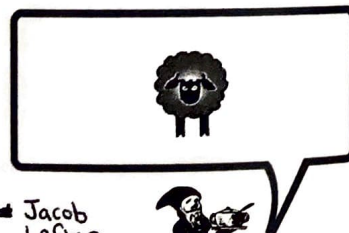
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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu



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THE OMEN

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EDITORIAL

Relay for Life and Eat Brownies

[by Jacob Lefton, Editor-in-Chief]

I want to give an applause and a huge hug to Victoria Quine. She deserves special recognition and a big hug right now for organizing the Hampshire College Relay for Life team through Circus Folk Unite.

The Relay for Life is an overnight event to raise money for the American Cancer Society. Folks run or walk around a track, either by themselves or as a team for up to twenty-four hours, with at least one team member on the track at all times. They get people to donate to the team. Victoria organized Hampshire's team under the Five College Relay.

We've raised an awesome amount of money thus far. The total donations are over \$85,000. The top school is Umass Amherst, and the top team is from Amherst College, 'Northies Reunite (again),' raising almost \$10,000.

Hampshire College has one team, the circus team. Our total thus far is over \$2,000—double our team goal.

The top fundraisers are Juliana Frick and Victoria. Hats off to those two lovely people.

I'm really excited to be a part of the team. It was sort of a last minute decision—I found out a family member has cancer over spring break and decided to join in. I encourage everyone to check us out. If you google 'relay for life, hampshire college,' you can find us easily from there.

Also, Lindsay and I made these amazing brownies:

Raspberry Pomegranate Urfa-Biber Brownies
(adapted from an Alice Medrich recipe)

6 1/2 oz bittersweet chocolate
6 tbsp butter
1 C granulated sugar
2 eggs
1 1/2 tbsp raspberry liquor
1 tsp pomegranate molasses

1 1/2 tbsp urfa-biber
1/4 tsp salt
1/2 C all-purpose flour

Preheat your oven to 350°.

Combine the chocolate, butter, and sugar in a double boiler until about 150°. Remove from heat, and stir in the urfa-biber, raspberry liquor, pomegranate molasses and salt. Stir in the eggs one at a time. Stir in the flour, and beat with a wooden spoon or rubber spatula for a minute or two, until thick and glossy.

Butter and flour a 9 inch square baking pan. Pour in the batter. Bake for 20 minutes. Cool, cut into squares, and eat.

This recipe comes from the journal of *habeasbrulee*. Check out her journal for delicious foods.



POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Editorial cont.

I think this whole situation with Public Safety busting up Keg Hunt and the students getting all in a huff is really kind of laughable and ridiculous. You want to know how I first found out about it? A friend e-mailed me saying that he heard a rumor that I personally called the Amherst Police to come put a stop to the event. That's wildly funny. As far as I understand

But you knew it was going to happen someday, right? If you didn't anticipate

something like that, you're living in a fantasy world. I mean, most of you are underage, running around in the woods with illegal kegs. Illegal because they don't have a permit, and you need to get a keg permit to have it in the town of Amherst. Illegal also because someone is supplying alcohol to minors. In public.

So, predictably the gestap— I mean Public Safety moved

in and there was practically police brutality as crying women and children were separated from their kegs. I'm sure they were swaggering assholes about it, because these particular guys are new to this campus, and cops are generally trained to be swaggering assholes, but they were trying to do their jobs amidst a whole bunch of over-privileged self important kids who think that the best way to have fun is to get stumbling drunk in the woods.

It's like telling a spoiled kid he can't have candy before dinner. For those of you who don't fit this bill and weren't up to stupid and illegal shit, I'm sorry you had your party ruined—find more responsible company next time.

And, oh my god, they dumped the kegs out on the ground! Horrors of horrors, what an abomination! Think of all that wasted beer!... Wait, I mean, think of the environmental implications of

The only thing I can find fault with is the kicking out of campfires. It's just not cool to run in and crush someone's barbecue unless campfires are strictly prohibited, or if people weren't following proper procedure. Just take away their beers and avoid spreading burning debris all over the floor of a forest.

Sorry for the overblown hyperbole in some of those passages. It's just... Keg Hunt is stupid, and people's reactions

to Pubs' inevitable crashing of the party are rather ridiculous. If I were a police officer confiscating kegs, I would dump them out also. The alternative is to carry them all the way back to wherever they go. I'm sorry you lost your keg-security deposit money. Serves you right for supporting an event whose basic premise is substance abuse. I only hope the college can cash in and get a little bit of money for their troubles, and yes, on your expense. Thanks for promoting an unhealthy living environment.

At least Delroy is holding a community response session. While I personally find that he at best barely fits what Hampshire needs in the way of a Director of Public Safety, and is often detrimental to the campus' culture, I commend him trying to do his job and trying to work with the community to figure out a better way for students and officers to coexist peacefully. In conclusion, quit yer bitchin'.



This picture taken by Jeremy Felson is in no way connected with the article surrounding it. I don't know what Jeremy's opinion is of the events of the day, but they are separate from my opinions. When you consider it, please remember the proper context.

all that beer which might through some inconceivable but conveniently threatening way seep into the drinking water! Though that sounds like something your average Hampshire student would want, it's not only improbable, it's stupid. Think of how much deer and bear and dog piss goes on the ground in a given day. Measure that up to the meager amount of alcohol that was dumped out and then cry about contaminated drinking water.

Appeal to Public Safety

What follows are two letters, one which I was forced to send to PubSafe, & the other which PubSafe felt it their duty to send to me.

Draw what conclusions you will about the desirability of justice being so blind.

Sincerely,

Fifteen Dollars Poorer

David Axel Kurtz

Hampshire College - Div. 1

Student ID: #####

To the Director of Public Safety

My name is David Axel Kurtz & I am writing to appeal a parking ticket which I recently received.

At the time I was ticketed, my car was in the visitor's lot behind Franklin Patterson Hall. I was parked here only to provide emergency medical transportation to a fellow student. She was ill and I was asked to transport her to Student Health Services, which I did as fast as I was able.

In order to do this I was forced to park my car temporarily in the aforementioned lot. This was due to the medical difficulties she was having, which rendered her unable to walk any greater a distance. My car was in this lot, according to my watch, for just under 7 minutes. During these seven minutes I was fined fifteen dollars for improper parking.

If there was any sort of public

parking nearby, I would have used it. As there was not I did as best as I was able. After these 7 minutes, I brought the woman in question directly to Student Health Services, where she was seen. I then returned my car to the Enfield parking lot, which is where my car is registered to reside.

This was the entirety of my infraction.

Based upon the extenuating circumstances I hope you will overlook my violation of Hampshire's parking laws. I am aware that my actions were not in keeping with these laws, but under the circumstances I cannot but feel that I acted appropriately.

Please feel free to contact me at any time if you wish to discuss this matter further. My eMail address is <&&> ; my personal telephone number is <&&>.

I do thank you very much for your understanding.

Yours very sincerely,

<signature>

-david axel Kurtz

Dear Mr. Kurtz:

After considering your appeal, we have decided that we were correct in the matter and will not waive the citation fee. Public safety is open 24 hours, 7 days a week.

Thank you for your participation

<signature>

Delroy Patrick

Director of Public

SECTION
SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

It Doesn't Have to Be a Masterpiece: Releasing Inhibitions

By the time I was twelve years old I had written and directed a play. My third grade class performed *Paddle* for the second graders in the room next to ours; I made a minor appearance. In fourth grade I wrote tragedies. My stories were plagued with war, death and destruction. We did not put on any class plays, but I knew I was talented all the same. In fifth grade I created my own world, complete with its own language, religion, currency and geography. I wrote poetry. I told stories, I created and I made believe. I howled at the moon, I climbed trees and played in the forest. I pretended I was a wolf. I had sticks in my hair and dirt on my face and my parents always had to call me twice for dinner. By seventh grade my stories grew more elaborate. I experimented with sex, alcohol and drugs vicariously; writing was my world.

In fourth grade I skipped recess to make a meeting with the principal of my school about the unfair treatment of students in the lunchroom. We were made to sit by class, and all of my friends were in other classes. The meeting resulted in a decision to allow the fourth graders to sit where ever they wanted in the lunch room on Fridays. I learned that I did have a say in my own real life world, not just in my made up worlds.

In eighth grade the administration decided to take away snacks at lunch, and was trying to make us sit in alphabetical order. The grade had a sit-in at the lunch, which the administration broke up by threatening to take away the upcoming school dance. I wanted to create an underground newspaper that

would get the student body on the same page so we could organize better and take on the establishment, but I didn't. I didn't dress up for Halloween that year during school, either. I had learned to be afraid of separating myself from the crowd.

I passed through high school without making any ripples. And somewhere along the way to Hampshire College, I stopped creating for myself. I wish I could find it again, the writing that used to flow ceaselessly from my pen instead of my history notes or my math homework, but my notebooks are full of notes now and I cannot quite remember the last words I wrote for myself.

And somehow that leads me to the Omen; to why I am constantly on layout, to why I have strong opinions, to why I have so much to say and yet I have only published one tiny, polite, unobtrusive article. I have learned to be afraid of separating myself from the crowd. Every issue I promise myself that next issue I'll publish something. I tell myself that, as soon as I have a good enough article, I'll publish it. But I am beginning to realize that I will never have a good enough article. Instead, if I have to publish an article, I have to stop being so afraid to have my name appear by itself next to my writing that I know other people will be reading.

If the Omen had existed in my Elementary school, I would have contributed more than once every issue. I would have contributed my stories, my plays, and my poems. I would have contributed my opinions on how students are treated by administration. If the Omen had existed in my

Elementary school, maybe I would have inspired other people to complain about being separated from friends in the lunch room, maybe we could have organized and got the administration to let us sit where we wanted every day, instead of just on Fridays.

Now the Omen exists for me, and it is time to start publishing.

When the administration at Hampshire College comes up with rules for campus life they can dust off their hands and go home. Why should they care if the buildings on campus close earlier than the people who live here would like? They don't have to live here. Why should the administration care if the students cannot sit with their friends in fourth grade? They can sit in the faculty lunch room with whoever they please. It is our lives that they are controlling, and they need to stop taking the easy way out. The administration needs to stop making limiting rules so that Nothing Bad Happens, and the administration needs to stop making bureaucratic layers so that the "system" is as self-preserving as possible by being too confusing for anyone to access. I think it is time for more of us to voice our own opinions.

There is no excuse for the Omen to be as sparse as it is. I am sure that each and every one of you could fill one page with non-libelous writings. You don't have to write a masterpiece, but your thoughts and opinions deserve to be heard. Right now only a handful of articles are in this issue, and I refuse to believe that no one else on campus has anything that they feel is worth saying. I would like to hear what you have to say.



The Hampshire Manifesto

I While petitioning on behalf of Hampshire Students for the Freedom to Unionize, I have confronted some of my fears: talking to people and finding safety that they really have to say on issues of workers rights. Undoubtedly some of the fear came from within me. I would have to talk to some strangers, other people within the "Hampshire community" about the ideas that are important to me and that I care about.

However, to an even greater extent, I was afraid of what I would find out about those strangers in my community. Indeed my greatest fears have come true. A situation even graver than I feared. While asking people to sign a petition supporting the right to unionize for Hampshire employees I found a scary amount of answers like: I do not care. - I do not sign anything at Hampshire. - If that means I will have to give up my swimming pool then I'd rather have a swimming pool. - I am a nihilist.

Or just people shrugging their shoulders or closing the door in the face of a stranger from the mod next door.

Now I am at a concert in Saga; I think there is a woman singer although I can't see. But instead of hearing her voice (and I am sure it's nice) I hear George Harrison going inside my head:

"All I can hear
I, Me, Mine
I, Me, Mine
I, Me, Mine"

What are those elements that make Hampshire the way it is?

What is behind all this talk of community? Who is included? Who is excluded?

Am I in it?
Are you?

2 Image and reality

Like in the society of the spectacle,

Hampshire society is composed of inverse relations between the real and the image. While the spectacle carries the message of a community, reality carries the burden of isolation. Friendship is random and hospitality deteriorates into a timid smile.

The Hampshire philosophy promotes originality, but within the image of originality hides the inevitable actuality of competitive isolation and alienation: I do my thing, he does his thing, but we don't do our thing.

Hampshire is devoted to a clean environment. But that also promotes the question: clean of what? Underprivileged? Minorities? Mob? Workers?

Sanitized

We maintain a clean campus, but who does that for us? Within the process of sanitizing Hampshire, Hampshire has sanitized itself of its detergents. The invisible hand of the market (labor market?) is doing the dirty work for us. With the excuse of minimum interference with our daily studies, cleaning is done at night. When we are hardly there, someone gets up to clean the common spaces. You can not see it, just like the transparent material going down the toilet when we flush; it goes down without us seeing it and cleans our shit.

Hampshire time and community

The token *Hampshire time* refers, in its daily use, to the practice of not arriving on time, implying a custom unique to a community that chooses to differentiate itself. In contrast *Hampshire time* is the time non-activity inherent from the Hampshire curriculum. Each semester is minimized to three months of no time. It is the no-time of no-community; while on school we are uprooting ourselves from

our communities to come to a non-community. Our non-time on Hampshire gives us no time for friendship, activism or communal events. While we do get the stage to set our ideas forward, we are deprived of the free time, free time in its real sense of carefree time, social time.

3 While writing this lines out of despair Clair asked me what do I want to achieve, what do I want to express, and I tried to summarize and manifest those points.

Within the past few weeks and mostly in the past few days I recognized three patterns of peoples' behaviors:

1: Individualistic people who do not care.

2: People who care but don't translate their words into action

3: People who have lots of passion and try to draw people with them into action, and get the "I don't care" people to care. These people work hard and burn fast.

In this burst of words I try to find the connection between these patterns of people and the elements: Place, time and community.

4 Camilla comments that I am too negative, and see only one side of this coin. I wonder what is the other side, where is the success story?

What does Hampshire have to offer that is still very appealing to me?

1. Very good professors and very interesting classes.

2. An almost unique idea, that enables to get out of the fixed mindset of mainstream education. (Only to get into a fixed mindset of selfishness?)

3. And I am almost tempted to say isolation, for I, who also grew up in an imagined society, find too the idea of isolation somewhat appealing.

5 Having stated the positive parts which are not to be taken light headedly.

I must be tedious and say that without fighting structural backwardness all other advantages Hampshire has over other schools are worth close to nothing. It is like the image of flavor that has degraded into an artificial color that transfers to us an idea of a taste that no longer exists. We are so used to it, that we accept the fact that the color symbolizes the flavor and forget to see if the flavor is there. If it is red it's a strawberry, yellow lemon, orange for an orange, and pink for chewing-gum flavor (what is a chewing-gum flavor if they are artificially flavored?). Eventually we all have holes in our teeth.

6 I ask myself what stands behind the saying to *know is not enough*, or maybe it should not be translated; in Latin, it

better serves the image of an intellectual elite. But since it is translated, what is the other half? Is it not *-you also need to act...*?

While a big portion of Hampshire students are *with good intentions*, just having good intentions does not bring upon any social change. To some of us political involvement has degraded into an Anti-Bush sticker. That situation is unbearable and is the outcome of us not reclaiming a place for activism within our time. We also need to point out that the gap between words and actions is not a small one. The difference made when one is willing to give up a part of his privilege in order to be in solidarity is a black and white difference. If you can not be in solidarity, you can not be an activist. If you do not have time to

act you have not earned the freedom to speak.

7 In the movie 'The Kid' (Charlie Chaplin, 1921), the tramp, representing the invisible part of society, uses the Kid as a mediator, a bridge to society; every time the kid breaks a window, he shatters an image. The shattering of that image is the invitation for the other part of society to show up in the form of the tramp that comes to fix the window. We in Hampshire also need that mediator to break our image. By shattering the image of society we will find out who are we, who am I. It is necessary that we first **shatter** the Image of Society, in order to build a **real** one.

Noam Bahat, Nov 2006- Feb 2007
contact mod 21



Away Messages

(because we know you read away messages in your spare time)

Z?

angry about losing an hour of precious sleep

I'm asleep right now...

A rolling stone
Gathers no moss
leaves a trail of
busted stuff

DSFARGE

goodnight

Well... no Aspen this summer...
but there are some sweet backup horn opportunities! :D

fut dat shih dot

Urg. In Northampton, then back here
and to brunch (because I will be very
hungry).
I hope everything's okay with
everyone.

*And the Siren's song that is your madness
Holds a truth I can't erase.
All alone on your face.*

Away for the sake of being away.

Circus ate my soul.

I love deadlines. I like the whooshing
sound they make as they fly by. -
Douglas Adams

Dinnery things!
SUNLIGHT!

I'm probably off wandering around

Enfield...

Elsewhere...Elusive.

Cooking ramen, then back to work.

What's a knockout like you doing in a
computer generated gin-joint like this?

I Should Be Doing Work: The Daniel
Inkeles Story

Moop meep ~ fell asleep...

What you might expect.

I am in fact here, though otherwise
engaged. Should you want to send
messages, do feel free, but I cannot
promise responses.

I'm lyin' here with some monsters in

my head.

ZZZZzzzz...

caught the ebil sickness of **DOOM**

math, chemistry, math. there is an odd
symmetrical quality to it.

I'm asleep right now...

Work, followed by either a delightfully
long nap or by actually doing other
things I should be doing.

Orientation Leading Thing-a-ma-bob
interview.

Hugs are better than laundry.
Phil Davis is better than a dinosaur.

RARsong: I think you need hair gel
to be chic

asleep with my giant squid.

NAP.

A Hot Pocket will calm my nerves...I
hope

hungry now. talk later.

Tuesday/Thursday means I'm at
UMass...

chemistry, but I've left the giant squid
behind.

I really need to get better at this
whole...sleeping thing. *sigh*

At the Costume Shop, for work study/
production/etc...

back soon gone for pizza

Bored now. Playing Dress-Up.

Work to do.

Got myself a toy car and now I write
for the rest of the evening

EVE is such a fun gaZiZzZzZzZzZz

Hamentashen!
People are silly and weird.

sillywhoa.

Here, doing stuff. Yep.

YOU HAVE REACHED THE END
OF CAKE.

No sleep till bedtime.

Taking a short nap...

I'm off somewhere, doing something.
Maybe I'll tell you about it later.

It's one of those rare days where I look
fantastic. Blame the warmth.

"Yo! Where you at?"-my life it
complete.

I'm off at class

time for spleep.

nap time motherfuckers

Gr. People who don't keep costume
shop appointments make me both
angry and poor, because I have no
workstudy hours AND I miss the good
weather waiting around for them.

Out eating some... delicious... saga
food.

So get this: it's supposed to snow
Friday. March weather is weird.
I still look pretty awesome.

wandering around, it's fucking

beautiful out!

Im gone be back soon!

The next 16 hours are going to suck...

i am a sleepface.

Daydreams in the showers, looking for
keys paired to doors without locks.

down to the wire

FREE! Free to do things like make
shopping lists and relax about spring
break!

gone to class...
leave a message, make me smile :)

enjoying not doing work.

I'm not here right now

hm. fairies.

Back to watching Gattaca.

Wrapped comfortably in soft, blue-y
goodness.

drifting ever so softly to sleep...leave
me a message while i dream

LOL

First thing on the agenda for spring
break is going to be either a nap or a
shower.

Mrrr, I've got the ebil flu of **DOOM**.

Almost done... math, chemistry, math.

Tea with some old demons.

It's a Jingle Berry miracle!!!

A Rose's Thorn

Once upon a time, in a land across the seas, there was a fence. This fence had been placed on the border between the land owned by one family and another and was the result of constant disagreement and bickering. The families had not spoken for many generations and now the fence remained only because it required less effort to keep up than take down. *It's impossible* some had said, *too sturdy*. One day, the son of one family happened to be walking along the fence at the same time as the daughter of the other family. Their eyes primarily trained on the ground, the man and the woman jumped upon first spotting the other out of the corner of their eyes. Soon though they began some conversation, each one curious of the other.

"Who are you?" the man asked.

"I am me. And you?" she responded.

"The same," he said.

After some discussion the two realized they had much in common. They both enjoyed listening to the sounds produced by stringed instruments, the sensation of squid on the tongue right before one begins chewing, and strolls. Strolling, they agreed, was an art.

After much enjoyable conversation the two both made a point of observing that sun had set and that they must be going, but wouldn't it be nice to do this again sometime? The man and the woman agreed to meet back at the fence the following day when the sun

was just beginning to rise. Even with such extra time though, they spoke until the sun had again disappeared.

This went on for many moons until at last the man had worked up enough courage to ask the woman if he could have a kiss, through the fence. The woman blushed a deep red, and then, closing her eyes, obliged. Later, as he drifted off to sleep, the man thought how much her blushing had made her look like a beautiful rose. He announced to her the next day that she was his rose. Again she blushed, and again they kissed. So soundly did the man sleep that night. Visions of roses scattered themselves across his dreams.

The next morning he awoke to discover his face pained him some. Looking in the mirror he discovered that some red bumps had formed by his mouth. *A rose's thorn?* Too embarrassed to face his family he skipped breakfast and went directly to the fence to find some confidence in his rose. After he told her, she began to study the ground as she had the first day she met.

"I'm afraid I have something to tell you" she said, looking as though she had just spotted something miraculous in the soil.

"What?" he asked.

"I have herpes."

The man began to cry, hot tears streaming down his face, raising lesions on what skin they touched. He was unable to break through the fence.

Lentis Sample J



How Two Blondes Invented Sushi

Maggie and Jennie got stoned in Maggie's room on the first day of spring.

J: You know what I found out today?

M: What?

J: At the school store, coconut creamsicles are 180 calories. Banana creamsicles, 150. And strawberry creamsicles, only 130!

M: So?

J: So that's a third fewer calories than a Clif bar... but three times as much fat.

M: And none of the nutrients.

J: Who needs nutrients? My popsicle diet starts today.

M: Hm... Coconut oils *are* good for your skin.

J: And your digestive system.

M: And your hair would be shinier.

J: And you would be happier, so your step would be springier, and you'd burn more calories per day!

M: I wanna go on the popsicle diet!

For several days they had been fixated on their mid-semester pudge. They were always looking for solutions. Sitting on the bed, Jennie began to fret.

J: Why is it I always get fatter at college? But I go back to L.A. and I lose all appetite! Is it the sun? The TV?

M: It's because we're bigger than everyone there, but we're smaller than everyone here. It's like a fun-house effect. It has to do with the time change.

Jennie thought for a moment of their taut blue-eyed bodies in relation to the "goddess"-like brunettes they went to school with. Her lips bunched to one side like a red balloon being tugged behind the strands of her analysis. The jolt brought her back to reality.

J: You're right. But at least no matter what, we're small.

M: Mhmm, it's true. We're lucky.

J: I'm hungry.

M: What should we eat?

J: M&M's.

M: But that has sugar in it.

Maggie remembered her new pack of seaweed sheets. Her eureka at this moment would set in motion a series of optimistic steps forward in the next half hour's evolution. The girls trotted downstairs to the kitchen.

J: It's been so long since I've eaten seaweed. I love these things.

M: They're the best. I have been on an Asian food kick lately.

J: Just don't start taping your eyes back like some L.A. girls.

M: Ha, ha.

J: Ooh, but last time I had these with Jackie, we had cottonmouth, and they were so dry we could barely chew them.

Maggie imagined her two friends sitting on the couch munching on seaweed like cows on cud. She smiled mischievously.

J: We had to put soy sauce on them.

The mention of soy sauce awoke her from her reverie.

M: Good idea!

Maggie took the soy sauce from the fridge.

M: Should we use soy sauce or miso sauce?

J: Both.

M: You're right.

The girls dunked their hands into the miso and began to fingerprint on their seaweed sheets.

J: Look, it's a unicorn.

M: He looks disgruntled. He needs a lady unicorn.

J: Haha, a disgruntled unicorn. I've never thought of that before.

M: Isn't it great to know we can be in our early twenties and still have thoughts we've never ever had before?

J: Is that wasabi powder over there?

Jennie pointed to the stove. Maggie's eyes flashed to the powder and then back to Jennifer. Their eyes met in explosive accord. They peppered their seaweed papers with pale green powder, folded them over excitedly, and began to eat.

J: It's not spicy. How come I don't taste the wasabi?

M: Oh yeah, I forgot. Rob told me you can only taste wasabi powder when it's wet.

J: Should we put water on them?

M: Ew gross, no... but how about peanut sauce?

J: Hell yeah!

[high fives]

M: We rule!

Maggie hopped over to the fridge and stood next to the open door. Suddenly, she saw a smorgasboard before her. It was one of those instances when your lens on life changes without reason, like when a guy friend suddenly turns you on. Out came the red cabbage, the tofu, and a fresh green onion. She was unstoppable. Three minutes ensued of chopping, arranging, and careful folding. By now the soy sauce had softened the seaweed into a more compliant texture. The result was a perfectly rounded package.

M: It's a wrap.

J: It's a burrito.

M: No. It's sushi!

J: You're right! It all makes sense now!

M: Eureka!

That's how it happened to the Asians, and that's how it happened to Maggie and Jennie. The end. And that's the story of how two blondes invented sushi in a single evening.

J: P.S. Except without the carbs.

M: That's because of the blonde gene.



Lentis Sample J

STAGES OF DIVISION III

BY PETER GRAY F'04

